

AMERICAN DRAGON: JAKE LONG
"SUPERNATURAL TUESDAY"
 (formerly "Student Body By Jake")
 (777A-221)

FADE IN:

EXT. SKATE PARK - DAY

STUDENTS circle around JAKE, who pumps his skateboard in the air.

1	JAKE	1
	(to crowd)	
	Welcome to the Jake Invitational,	
	where y'all get to challenge the	
	reigning skate champ of the five	*
	boroughs...me!	*

2	STUDENTS	2
	<whoops and whistles>	

TRIXIE steps from the crowd.

3	TRIXIE	3
	Quick shout-out to last week's	
	challenger, Rick Malamuth. The	
	Ricker's just been upgraded to	
	"stable" at County General.	*
	Remember: A doo-rag is no	
	substitute for a helmet!	

Jake tugs his chinstrap tight. In the audience, he spots a dead-gorgeous girl with raven hair: DANIKA. She winks.

Jake winks back. He hops on his board and pushes off, hurtling towards--

A metal bench.

Just as he reaches it, he stomps the tail and OLLIES clean over, landing with a--

<KA-CHANK> on the reverse side.

4	STUDENTS	4
	<wild cheers>	

The <APPLAUSE> dies, replaced by a single crowd member's <LOUD, DELIBERATE CLAPPING>. Jake finds the source:

NIGEL THRALL, a British seventh-grader dressed like Billie Joe Armstrong: red tie, black shirt, prickly hair.

She takes out an orange. The peel sloughs off in a curlicue.

14 NIGEL (CONT'D) 14
...and the personal pizza cut in
fourths.

She lifts up a pizza: still intact. Jake smirks.

15 JAKE 15
Ha, nice tr--

CLOSE ON PIZZA -- It falls into four equal slices.

16 STUDENTS 16
<Amazing/You see that?>

Nigel extends a hand to Jake.

17 NIGEL 17
Nigel Thrall, Fillmore Middle
School's newest exchange student.
Spiffing to meet you.

18 JAKE 18
"Spiffing"? Yo, maybe they talk
like that where you're from, but
you're stateside now.

The crowd pushes in, encircling the two of them.

19 JAKE (CONT'D) 19
Trix, let's show our friend how we
flow in the NYC.

20 TRIxie 20
A'ight, Jakey.

Trixie cups her hands to her lips.

21 TRIxie (CONT'D) 21
<beat-boxing furiously>

Jake circles Nigel.

22 JAKE 22
(rapping)
Little lost kitten
Just in from Great Britain
Got your tail 'tween your legs
From the rhymes I'm spittin'

The crowd <WHOOOPS> their approval.

23 NIGEL 23
 (innocent)
 Ooh, is this what they call
 "freestyle rap"? May I contribute
 a verse?

Jake looks him up and down. Folds his arms.

24 NIGEL (CONT'D) 24
 Okay. Oh, dear, let's see...

Nigel looks up, eyes suddenly blazing.

25 NIGEL (CONT'D) 25
 (rapping)
 Jakety-Jake, for goodness' sake
 Your hair's like a weed
 It needs a good rake

The crowd <HOWLS>.

26 NIGEL (CONT'D) 26
 Yo, the dollar's worth less
 Than the pound in the U.K.
 Try not to cry
 When I'm poundin' you, 'kay?
 (big finish)
 You don't reach my knees
 On the b-ball court
 Why's a kid named "Long"
 Gotta be so short?

Nigel tousles Jake's hair. The crowd <EXPLODES>.

27 STUDENTS 27
 Youch!/Jake got served!/Smack-down!

Nigel turns to Jake, mock-earnestly.

28 NIGEL 28
 Be honest. How'd I do?

Off Jake's astonishment, we:

SMASH TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Jake and Spud sit at a table. Jake picks at his lunch.

29	JAKE	29
	(bummed)	
	I've been out-skated, out-rapped,	
	out-classed. Stick a fork in me,	
	I'm done.	
	(sudden flinch)	
	YOOOW!	

Jake glares at Spud.

30	JAKE (CONT'D)	30
	Figure. Of. Speech.	

31	SPUD	31
	My bad.	

Spud pulls a PLASTIC FORK from Jake's side. (It should be clear that Spud does not actually pierce Jake in any way.)

Trixie joins them, holding a stack of CAMPAIGN FLYERS.

32	TRIXIE	32
	Yo, we're nominating school	
	officers today.	
	(thumbs through stack)	
	So far, looks like the usual gang	
	of jocks and jerks.	

33	JAKE	33
	Who cares about elections? Who	
	cares about...anything?	

34	TRIXIE	34
	Aw, don't tell me you're still	
	tripping on this morning?	

35	SPUD	35
	So what if Nigel beat you at all	
	the stuff you're into? Just beat	
	him at something <u>he's</u> into.	

36	JAKE	36
	Such as?	

37	SPUD	37
	Well, from what I saw at the snack	
	bar a minute ago...	
	(MORE)	

SPUD(CONT'D)

(leans in confidentially)
Nigel likes bagels.

38 JAKE 38
So?

39 SPUD 39
So...bust out a giant bagel the
size of a tractor tire. You start
munchin' it, like:
<gnawing sounds>
He'll be lookin' at it all
salivating: (bad British accent)
"May I have a bite, old chap?" And
you'll be like, "No way, dude. Get
your own giant bagel." But he
can't...'cause you had it made
special. BOO-YAH!

Jake puts his head in his hands.

40 TRIXIE 40
Could you get past yourself, Jakey?
We've got bigger issues today, like
the future of our school.

41 JAKE 41
For the last time, Trix, nobody
cares about these dumb elect--

Jake stops, suddenly aware of another <VOICE>.

They look to the stage, where Nigel clutches a microphone.

42 NIGEL 42
(into mic)
I'm quite new at Fillmore, but I'd
be honored to serve as your
president. That is...if you'll
have me.

Students respond with <HEARTY APPLAUSE>.

Jake stares at Nigel. An idea forms.

43 JAKE 43
Know what, guys? I'm suddenly
feeling politically active.

Trixie and Spud trade a worried glance.

Jake charges to the stage. Grabs the mic.

44 JAKE (CONT'D) 44
Hello. I'm Jake Long...and I'm
running for president!

<MODEST APPLAUSE> from the room.

Across the stage, Jake and Nigel exchange a hard glance.

Jake narrows his eyes.

Nigel narrows his.

It's on.

BACK ON SPUD -- He turns to Trixie.

45 SPUD 45
Uh...does this mean we're tabling
the bagel idea?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GRANDPA'S SHOP - DAY

Jake enters with an armful of magical relics. FU DOG wheels
in a stack of journals on a handtruck.

Behind them a TV set provides <LOW WALLA>.

46 JAKE 46
I'm telling you, Fu, I don't have
time to clean out the shop. I
gotta meet Trixie and Spud to plan
my campaign.
(beat)
Besides, since when does Gramps
care how this place looks?

47 FU DOG 47
Since Boomgarden's opened across
the street.

Fu parts the front curtain. On the opposite side of the
street, a blinky sign shouts: "BOOMGARDEN'S ELECTRONICS." A
picture of CHICK BOOMGARDEN, owner and proprietor, looms
large on a billboard.

48 FU DOG (CONT'D) 48
Gramps says if we wanna stay in
business, the shop needs a
facelift.

Jake holds up a jar.

49 JAKE 49
 Alright.
 (reading label)
 "Chupacabra bile"?

Fu whiffs it.

50 FU DOG 50
 Yecch. This stuff expired during
 the Shang dynasty. Lose it.

Jake drops it in the trash. He picks up a bronze helmet with
 a red plume. Fu grins knowingly.

51 FU DOG (CONT'D) 51
 That's a keeper. The Galea Vera,
 or "Helmet of Truth."

52 JAKE 52
 What's it do?

53 FU DOG 53
 Well, aside from protectin' your
 noggin in contact sports...

Fu flips open a journal. The page PROJECTS A 3-D HOLOGRAM OF
 THE HELMET.

54 FU DOG (CONT'D) 54
 ...the helmet lets you hear
 people's truest thoughts.

THE HOLOGRAM WIDENS OUT TO REVEAL a massive OGRE with a short
 sword in each hand.

55 FU DOG (CONT'D) 55
 Used to belonged to an ogre named
 Maximinus. Gladiator in Ancient
 Rome. Ol' Maxie used it to
 anticipate his opponents' moves,
 makin' him unbeatable.

CLOSE ON OGRE -- His eyes burn red.

56 FU DOG (CONT'D) 56
 Pretty soon he was pickin' fights
 outside the arena. Sacked about
 half the Roman Empire till the
 Dragon Council confiscated his
 helmet. We've had it ever since.

Jake picks up the helmet.

57 JAKE 57
So...this thing reads minds?

Jake slips it on his head.

58 FU DOG 58
Kid, I wouldn't--

Just then, Spud and Trixie push through the entrance with
"JAKE FOR PRESIDENT" signs.

59 TRIxie 59
'Sup, fellas? Nice helmet.

Jake looks up. As the helmet twists in Trixie's direction--

WE HEAR HER THOUGHTS (her normal voice with SHIMMERY REVERB):

60 TRIxie (INTERNAL V.O.) (CONT'D) 60
Typical Jake. We're out
campaignin', he's playin' dress-up
with the dog.

61 JAKE 61
(excited)
Yo, I heard that!

62 TRIxie 62
Heard what?

63 JAKE 63
Everything you didn't say!
(beat)
Lemme try Spud.

Jake aims the helmet at Spud. As he gazes deep into Spud's
eyes, he HEARS:

64 SPUD (INTERNAL V.O.) 64
Inhale...exhale. Inhale
again...exhale again. Eyes
starting to dry out. Time to blink.

Grandpa shuffles into the room. Jake takes off the helmet
and hides it.

65 GRANDPA 65
(reading campaign signs)
"Jake for President"?

66 TRIXIE 66
That's right. Jake's gonna be the
next president of Fillmore.

67 SPUD 67

All he's gotta do is win a little
popularity contest...against the
most popular kid in school.
 (off Jake's glare)
What'd I say?

68 GRANDPA 68

Such competition is unwise, young dragon. He who thinks only of defeating his enemy, defeats himself.

69 JAKE 69
Oh, yeah? What about your enemy?

Jake gestures to the TV.

CLOSE ON SCREEN -- CHICK BOOMGARDEN, a man with a terrible comb-over, is flanked by his WIFE and mouth-breathing SON.

70 CHICK 70
(rapid-fire)
Hiya, friends, Chick Boomgarden for
Boomgarden's Electronics. Are you
tired of slow repairs?

SMASH TO: Chick in a handlebar mustache behind a counter (clearly impersonating Lao Shi).

A CHYRON on-screen reads: "DRAMATIZATION."

71 CHICK (CONT'D) 71
I'm Slo-Shi. I'll fix your TV just
as soon...as I feel like it.

FREEZE on his wicked grin.

BACK TO CHICK AS HIMSELF. He looks up from the frozen image on a TV set, disapprovingly.

72 CHICK (CONT'D) 72

At Boomgarden's, we fix your
gadgets the same day.

(beat)

And while you wait, enjoy fresh
bass from our fish market, indoor
lawn bowling and Shetland pony
rides for the little squirts.

BACK TO THE BOOMGARDENS.

73 CHICK (CONT'D) 73
By the time you're finished, we're
finished. So come to Boomgarden's!

74 FAMILY 74
(in unison)
WE FIX IT FAST!

The Boomgardens wave vigorously.

Grandpa glowers at the set.

75 GRANDPA 75
<A slew of Chinese epithets>

He KUNG-FU KICKS the knob on the TV. It ZAPS off.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - JAKE'S BOOTH - DAY

Jake, Spud and Trixie man a booth under a giant banner: "GO
LONG FOR ACTION."

76 TRIxie 76
So, I'm thinking you need a
platform, Jakey.

77 JAKE 77
Platform?

78 TRIxie 78
Yeah, ideas on how to improve the
school.

She plunks a thick textbook on the table.

79 TRIxie (CONT'D) 79
Take my textbook. This bad larry
weighs more than I do. What if we
put all this stuff online? Save a
few trees, a few spines.

She points to passing STUDENTS. They're loaded up like pack
mules, hunched under the weight of giant backpacks.

80 TRIxie (CONT'D) 80
See? Ideas.

81 SPUD 81
Ooh, ooh, I got one! I say we
change our school fight song.

He slings a guitar over his shoulder.

82 SPUD (CONT'D) 82
I always feel funny singin' "Hail
the Conquering Spartans" when our
goalie just scored on himself.
It's time for a little honesty.

He <STRUMS> the guitar.

83 SPUD (CONT'D) 83
(singing)
Fillmore's team is noble
A valiant brotherhood
But let's just get it out there
We don't play sports so good

Spud looks up at Jake, anxious.

84 JAKE 84
What's that sound?

85 SPUD 85
Just a basic two-chord progression.
(lights up)
You like?

86 JAKE 86
I mean that.

He points past Spud to the double doors down the hall.
Behind them, a faint <BRASS LINE> grows <LOUDER AND LOUDER>,
until--

SHWOOM! The doors swing open. FILLMORE'S MARCHING BAND
storms down the hall blaring JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

Marching ahead of them, Nigel tosses merchandise emblazoned
with his face: T-shirts, buttons, foam trucker hats.

Jake climbs up on his table.

87 JAKE (CONT'D) 87
(calling to Nigel)
You disgust me! You think you can
get votes by givin' out free stuff?

Hearing Jake, the students RIOT.

88 STUDENTS
FREE STUFF?!/I WANT FREE STUFF!

88

They stampede after Nigel like the Pied Piper, greedily grabbing at merch...

...leaving Jake, Spud and Trixie alone at their booth.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HALLWAY - JAKE'S BOOTH - LATER

The hall is dim, deserted. Jake, Spud and Trixie fold up their table. As they walk:

89 JAKE
Man. Nigel schooled us today.

89

Spud hooks an arm around Jake.

90 SPUD
Don't worry, bro. He may have won the battle, but you'll win the war.

90

Jake glances at Spud. Then recoils.

91 JAKE
Hey! Is that a Nigel track suit?

91

Spud looks down. His WARM-UP SUIT features a SMIRKING NIGEL.

92 SPUD
Well...it was free!

92

93 JAKE
Off.

93

Spud sheds the jacket...revealing a NIGEL T-shirt.

94 JAKE (CONT'D)
And the shirt.

94

He takes it off...revealing a girdle around his lower torso.
On it, a photo of NIGEL GIVING THE DOUBLE "THUMBS UP."

*

*

95 JAKE (CONT'D)
And the girdle.

95

*

Spud fumbles to unclamp it.

96 JAKE (CONT'D) 96
 We're taking this stuff back, now!
 Nigel's gotta know you can't be
 bought.

Jake charges down the hall, Spud's clothes in his hand.
 Trixie and Spud jog to keep up.

97 TRIxie 97
 Jakey, just forget the dude.
 Why're you gettin' so jealous?

They round the corner. A sliver of light beams from a
 classroom: "NIGEL THRALL, CAMPAIGN HQ."

They reach the door and stop.

98 TRIxie (CONT'D) 98
 Hello, you got magical powers!
 That's somethin' Nigel Thrall will
never have.

Jake ponders this for a half-second--

Then pokes a DRAGON CLAW in the lock and slides it around.
 CLICK. He turns the knob and pushes into:

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jake, Trixie and Spud stand in the doorway, stunned:

Rows of Nigel buttons FLOAT MAGICALLY THROUGH THE AIR. A
 silk-screen machine works full-blast, cranking out shirt
 after shirt with Nigel's face.

It's a fantasia of free-flying promotional products, and at
 the center of it all--

A CLOAKED FIGURE (NIGEL) waves his hands like Keith Lockhart
 at the Boston Pops.

Spud double-takes.

99 SPUD 99
 J-Jake, what--?

100 JAKE 100
 Stay back.
 (beat)
 Dragon up!

Jake TURNS DRAGON in a FLASH of FX. The figure turns suddenly, noticing the intruder. Then, like a plug was yanked...all the objects rain down from the sky, <CRASHING> to the floor.

The figure FIRES A MAGICAL BOLT from his fingertips.

Jake swoops up. The bolt narrowly misses him, instead hitting the overhead lights, which flicker and go out.

Jake flies straight at the figure and BODY-CHECKS him:

101 JAKE / NIGEL 101
Hi-ya! / <oof!>

The man aims both hands at Jake, striking him with a BOLT. Jake launches through the room as if shot from a cannon--

102 JAKE 102
Whoaaaa--<oof!>

SLAMMING into a wall. On impact, he POPS back to HUMAN FORM. But it's not easy to see make out his face in the semi-darkness.

Jake scrambles to his feet-- Too late. The wizard's on him. They wrestle, each determined to get the upper hand.

103 JAKE / NIGEL 103
<struggling efforts>

Jake grabs the man's hood and slings it off, revealing--

Nigel, <BREATHING> hard.

He stares at Jake, his face registering true shock. Jake stares back. Their grip on each other slackens.

Trixie and Spud poke their heads in the room.

Nigel eyes them, startled, then quickly regains his composure. Smiles.

104 NIGEL 104
Evenin', all.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

RE-ESTABLISH - Jake and Nigel circle each other slowly.

105 JAKE 105
(breathless)
You're...a wizard? You've been
using magic to buy the election!

106 NIGEL 106
I prefer "sorcerer," and unless
it's the dry climate, you had a
nasty case of scales a minute ago.

107 JAKE 107
Well--

108 NIGEL 108
As for buying the election, I've
done no such thing. I only use
magic to speed things up a bit.

Trixie looks at Jake pointedly.

109 TRIxie 109
Sounds like someone I know.

110 JAKE 110
(ignoring her)
So, what are you doing here?

111 NIGEL 111
Are you kidding? You've got flying
horses at Belmont, singing cats on
Broadway. New York's a magical
town. The perfect place to
complete my training.

112 JAKE 112
Training? You mean...you're just
an apprentice?

113 TRIxie 113
Also sounds like someone I know.

114 JAKE 114
Trix? Not helping.

115 NIGEL 115
My training is a formality.

Jake steps closer to Nigel.

116	JAKE	116
	Yo, I don't know what passes for magic over in Froo-Froo Land, but here, you gotta do more than float a few buttons to impress.	

Nigel and Jake are toe to toe.

117	NIGEL	117
	Careful, Long. That sounds like a challenge.	

118	JAKE	118
	Maybe it is.	

119	NIGEL	119
	(mulling this)	
	Hmm. A no-spells-barred election?	

Jake nods.

120	JAKE	120
	May the best magic win.	

WIPE TO:

CAMPAIGN MONTAGE - VARIOUS

--Jake and Nigel pose for a picture, standing side by side behind a table. Nigel looks smug -- he's a head taller than Jake.

Just as the PHOTOGRAPHER fingers the button, Jake sprouts DRAGON FEET (under the table), boosting him higher.

SNAP!

THE SCHOOL NEWSPAPER SPINS INTO FRAME - Jake towers over Nigel, who makes a hapless face.

--CLOSE ON: A giant poster with "JAKE" written in block letters beside his picture. Nigel walks past. With the flick of a finger, the word changes to "JOKE."

--Nigel stands at his booth, fielding questions from STUDENTS. At his feet, Jake inches along the ground unseen.

121 NIGEL 121
 Actually, I welcome the pressure of
 public office. I quite enjoy the
 hot seat.

122 JAKE 122
 (sotto, to himself)
 Then you'll love this.

Jake MORPHS INTO A DRAGON above the neck, then BREATHES FIRE
 on the metal folding chair. The chair glows RED, then WHITE.

Nigel sits...

123 NIGEL 123
 YAAARRRR! HOT BUNS! HOT-CROSSED
 BUNS! ONE A PENNY, TWO A
 PENNY...HOO-WAAH!

...and leaps out of the chair, clutching his rear.

--Nigel cups his hands to his mouth and hisses an incantation
 into his fists:

124 NIGEL (CONT'D) 124
 Tempest in a jar, spread the rumor
 far...
 (then)
 "Jake Long doesn't bathe."

He opens his hands, REVEALING A SWIRLING CLOUD. He blows it
 out into the atmosphere.

WIDE ON CAMPUS -- The cloud descends like a fog.

TWO STUDENTS study a flyer with Jake's picture.

125 STUDENT 1 125
 I'm voting for Long.

The CLOUD envelopes them, along with a FAINT VOICE.

126 NIGEL 126
 (disembodied V.O.)
 "Jake Long...doesn't...bathe."

127 STUDENT 1 127
 Then again, I heard he--

128 STUDENT 2 128
 Doesn't bathe? Yeah, I heard that.

A CHEERLEADER passes. She points to the flyer.

19.

129 CHEERLEADER 129
See that green junk in his hair?
(confidentially)
Fungus.

130 STUDENTS 130
Eewwww!

WIPE TO:

INT. SCHOOL - BALCONY - DAY

Spud presents a spreadsheet to Jake. Trixie looks on.

131 SPUD 131
Poll results are in: If the
election was held today, most
students would be confused... 'cause
it's not Election Day. Plus, 80
percent say they'd rather have a
root beer with Nigel.

Trixie stomps her foot.

132 TRIxie 132
For the last time, Jakey, you gotta
stop Nigel-fixatin' and start
legislating! Just take a stand on
something you care about.

133 JAKE 133
It's not about that, Trix. It's
about beating Nigel. To do that, I
gotta figure out what the voters
care about.

Jake leans over the balcony railing, gesturing at a courtyard
full of STUDENTS.

134 JAKE (CONT'D) 134
If I could only find out what's
really going on in their minds...

A smile crosses his face.

CUT TO:

INT. GRANDPA'S SHOP - DAY

The shop has changed dramatically. It's covered in tropical
knick-knacks: coconut trees, tiki torches, plastic parrots.

Grandpa wears a Hawaiian shirt unbuttoned to the navel. Fu points a camera at him.

135 GRANDPA 135
(wooden)
Come to Lao Shi's Repairadise.
I'll work on your radio while
massage therapists work on your
deep tissue...

He gestures to a long row of massage tables.

136 GRANDPA (CONT'D) 136
...at our relaxation station.
(beat)
And remember, if I can't beat
Boomgarden's advertised price...

He produces a tall glass with a lemon wedge in a tropical-themed drink holder.

137 GRANDPA (CONT'D) 137
...I'll throw in this delightful
"Life's a Beach" beverage koozie.

138 FU DOG 138
Cut! Sheesh, would it kill you to
smile? You look like you swallowed
a bug.

As they continue, WE DRIFT into...

INT. GRANDPA'S SHOP - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...where Jake, Spud and Trixie rummage through a trunk.

Jake removes the Helmet of Truth. He puts it on.

139 JAKE 139
So...whaddya think?

140 TRIxie 140
You tell me.

141 TRIxie (INTERNAL V.O.) (CONT'D) 141
I think this thing's bad news.

Jake turns to Spud, who stares off into space.

142 SPUD (INTERNAL V.O.) 142
No matter where you go, if you try
to hide or anything...the moon will
always find you.

Trixie scoffs.

143 TRIxie 143
C'mon, Jake. You don't think
anyone's gonna notice you've got a
2,000-year-old hunk of metal on
your head? How're you gonna hide
that?

TIGHT ON JAKE -- He adjusts the helmet.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - JAKE'S BOOTH - NEXT DAY

CLOSE ON -- Helmeted Jake.

WE BACK OUT TO REVEAL -- Jake in a full Spartan outfit:
breastplate, tunic, spear. Just above him, a banner reads:
"JAKE'S LONG ON SPARTAN SPIRIT."

Jake addresses a CROWD OF STUDENTS.

144 JAKE 144
As you can see, no one's got more
Spartan spirit than Jake Long. I
dig you, Fillmore Middle School,
and I wanna hear what's on your
mind!

As the students gaze up at him, Jake's hit with a BLAST OF
DIFFERENT THOUGHTS.

145 STUDENTS (INTERNAL V.O.) 145
I'm so over him/...hope they don't
notice my pimple/...what was my
locker combo?/...I wanna watch T.V.

146 JAKE 146
Errggh. Migraine.

He recovers, facing his confused audience.

147 JAKE (CONT'D) 147
So...how 'bout one at a time?

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - JAKE'S BOOTH - DAY

Jake sits across the table from a SURLY BOY.

148 JAKE 148
Let's talk.

149 SURLY BOY (INTERNAL V.O.) 149
Whatever. I'm just a vote to you.

150 JAKE 150
'Cause to me, you're more than just
a vote.

151 SURLY BOY (INTERNAL V.O.) 151
So what can you do for me?

152 JAKE 152
Bet you're wondering what I can do
for you.

153 SURLY BOY 153
Uh...yeah.

154 JAKE 154
Tell me...
(leaning in)
...what do you want more than
anything?

155 SURLY BOY 155
I-I guess I'd say...a quality
education.

156 SURLY BOY (INTERNAL V.O.) (CONT'D) 156
Cutie patootie's phone number.

Jake turns to find Trixie bustling around behind him. He
turns back, smiling.

157 JAKE 157
I think my "cutie patootie"
campaign manager can explain my
platform...over smoothies.

Jake jots Trixie's number on a slip of paper; hands it over.

158 JAKE (CONT'D) 158
Give her a call, say, 7-ish?

159 SURLY BOY 159
I-I...

160 SURLY BOY (INTERNAL V.O.) (CONT'D) 160
I'm definitely voting for this guy.

Jake smiles. Mission accomplished.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

Jake stands in the middle of the near-empty quad. He closes his eyes and soaks up thoughts with the helmet.

PUNCH IN ON -- a SQUATTY GIRL on a bench, nose in a book.

161 SQUATTY GIRL (INTERNAL V.O.) 161
I hate Trigonometry.

STUDENT 1 crosses the frame, heading to--

The cafeteria, where the menu board outside reads: "TODAY:
LASAGNA ROLLUPS."

162 STUDENT 1 (INTERNAL V.O.) 162
Ugh! Lasagna rollups again? I'm
gonna honk.

THROUGH A CLASSROOM WINDOW -- a GIRL yawns. COACH SACKERSON, a teacher with short-shorts and a whistle, paces at the head of the class.

163 GIRL (INTERNAL V.O.) 163
Puh-lease. What does Coach
Sackerson know about Shakespeare?

BACK ON JAKE -- His eyes snap open.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - JAKE'S BOOTH - DAY

Jake stands on a soapbox, delivering a high-energy stump speech to a CROWD.

164 JAKE 164
Elect Jake Long, and I'll ban
Trigonometry...

Cut to a <CHEERING> CROWD, including Squatty Girl.

165 SQUATTY GIRL 165
Woo-hoo!

BACK ON JAKE:

166 JAKE 166
...outlaw lasagna rollups...

FIND STUDENT 1 IN CROWD:

167 STUDENT 1 167
Yeah!

Jake points to Coach Sackerson.

168 JAKE 168
...and make sure the only thing
THIS man teaches is zone defense!

ON CROWD -- Girl jumps up and down.

169 GIRL 169
<squeals of joy>

The crowd goes nuts.

170 STUDENTS 170
(chanting)
Jake! Jake! Jake!

Students surge forward, lifting Jake in the air. As he surfs the sea of hands, the helmet slips from his head and hits the ground.

Jake looks up to see--

A hand grab it. Nigel's.

171 JAKE 171
Hey, hey! Put me down!

The crowd sets Jake on his feet beside Nigel.

172 NIGEL 172
Interesting prop, Long.

Jake swipes it back.

173 NIGEL (CONT'D) 173
It seems you're the man of the
hour. What's your secret?

174 JAKE 174
Let's just say my "listening tour"
really paid off.

175 NIGEL 175
Well, enjoy your popularity while
it lasts... 'cause it won't.
(beat)
I've got some magic that will blow
your doors off.

176 JAKE 176
Yeah, like wh--?

A STUDENT crosses in front of Nigel. When he passes--
Nigel's vanished. Jake looks around.
WIDE on the crowd. Jake searches in vain for his rival.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

Jake, Trixie and Spud walk through Chinatown as the sun sets.

177 JAKE 177
I'm telling you, Nigel's sweatin'
me. Forty-eight hours 'til E-Day,
big speeches tomorrow. I got this
thing in the bag.

Trixie's face falls.

178 TRIxie 178
Uh, Jake...is your gramps still
redecorating?

179 JAKE 179
Huh--?

Jake follows her gaze to Grandpa's shop--

EXT. GRANDPA'S SHOP - CONTINUOUS

The front door has been smashed to splinters, both windows
broken.

180 SPUD 180
I'm likin' the new decor. Kinda
"shabby chic."

A dangling shard of glass <SHATTERS> on the ground.

187 NIGEL 187
 You mean the tux? I don't try to
 outclass you, Long, but you make it
 so easy.

188 JAKE 188
 I mean trashing my grandpa's shop.

Jake steps closer. Stops inches from his face.

189 NIGEL 189
 What are you on about? I had no
 idea you had a grandfather, much
 less one with a shop.

Jake's hands FLARE into massive DRAGON CLAWS. He grabs
 Nigel by the lapels.

190 JAKE 190
 Don't lie to me! You said you'd
 "blow my doors off," remember?

Nigel stares back, puzzled.

INT. CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS

Rotwood takes the stage. He leans into the microphone.

191 ROTWOOD 191
 And now, without further delay,
 here are your candidates for
 student body president:
 (gesturing to the wings)
 Nigel Thrall! And...
 (far less enthusiasm)
 Jake Long.

The curtain doesn't move. Rotwood taps the mic. It
 <SQUEALS>.

192 ROTWOOD (CONT'D) 192
 Er...ladies und gentlemen, your
 candidates!

Nothing. Rotwood swallows hard.

ANGLE ON CROWD -- In the first row, Trixie and Spud panic.

193 TRIxie 193
 Where's Jake?

194 SPUD 194
 Well...He said somethin' about
 "making that dufussy Nigel pay for
 his dufus--idiness."
 (shrugs)
 Y'know, the usual.

195 TRIxie 195
 Hoo-boy...we gotta stall.

Trixie pushes past Rotwood to the mic, Spud behind her.

196 TRIxie (CONT'D) 196
 (to crowd)
 Hey-hey, Fillmore, how y'all doing?

197 STUDENTS 197
 <confused walla>

198 TRIxie 198
 So...let's talk issues. Stuff that
 affects us all. Starting with
 these cinder blocks they call
 "textbooks"?

Spud leans in.

199 SPUD 199
 Yeah, do we really need 2,000 pages
 on Marine Biology? There's only
 three things to know about fish:
 Stay away from piranha, never put
 tartar sauce on sushi, and if you
gotta treat a jellyfish sting with
 "natural acids"...aim carefully.

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jake pulls the helmet from his backpack and puts it on.

200 JAKE 200
 The Helmet of Truth's gonna expose
 you once and for all.

Jake holds him square by the shoulders, searching his eyes.

201 JAKE (CONT'D) 201
 Now. Did you wreck Gramps' shop?

Nigel doesn't blink.

202 NIGEL (INTERNAL V.O.) 202
I honestly...did not.

Jake is stunned. He removes the helmet slowly.

203 JAKE 203
B-But if you didn't, who--?

Suddenly -- a <CRASH>.

Jake and Nigel jump. They race down the hall and push through the exit to the courtyard...

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

...where a pair of MASSIVE LEGS fills the frame, stomping a ballot box. WE TILT UP past a tunic and breastplate, ending on a bald giant with a severe underbite.

It's MAXIMINUS, the pop-eyed ogre from Fu's journal.

204 MAXIMINUS 204
<blood-chilling roar>

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. SCHOOL - RE-ESTABLISH

Jake and Nigel look up in horror at the towering gladiator.

205 JAKE 205
Maximinus!

The ogre points to the helmet in Jake's hand. He wails like a petulant baby.

206 MAXIMINUS 206
<vicious roar>

207 NIGEL 207
I think the ogre likes your helmet.

208 JAKE 208
Get inside. I'll take care of him.
(dramatically)
Dragon up!

Jake TRANSFORMS: Wings. Claws. Scales.

He flies directly at Maximinus...

...who WHAPS him away. Jake lands at Nigel's feet.

209 NIGEL 209
And dragon down.
(chuckling)
Nice try, Long. Now it's my turn.
Find a pen and paper -- no shame in
taking notes.

Nigel <SNAPS> his fingers. With a FLASH OF FIRE, his tux is replaced by a cloak.

He thrusts a hand at the ogre.

210 NIGEL (CONT'D) 210
Steak and kidney pie, make this
ogre fly!

The ogre lifts off the ground, just enough to glimpse the asphalt under his huge sandals.

CLOSE ON NIGEL -- He's sweating. His hand shakes.

211 NIGEL (CONT'D) 211
Steak...st--

Nigel goes limp. The ogre drops a few inches to earth.

THUD!

212 MAXIMINUS 212
<laughs>

Jake, too, is amused.

213 JAKE 213
Yo, I'm takin' notes. Is "wipeout"
one word or two?

Suddenly, the ogre grabs each of them. He hurls them in opposite directions:

Nigel crashes through a "NIGEL NOW" sign, rendering it:
"NIGEL NO."

Jake WHAMS into a giant poster of himself -- abbreviating
"GIVE LONG A SHOT" to: "LONG SHOT."

214 JAKE (CONT'D) 214
<impact grunt>

Jake POPS BACK TO HUMAN FORM. He takes out his cell and punches it.

215 JAKE (CONT'D) 215
(into cell)
Gramps? We got problems.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS

Trixie sounds off to a captive audience.

216 TRIxie 216
And whassup with our school dances?

The crowd <HOWLS>.

217 TRIxie (CONT'D) 217
Due respect to Principal Rotwood,
but he should not be pickin' the
music. I don't know about y'all,
but it's hard to get my **groove** on
to "Roll Out the Barrel."

*

218 STUDENTS
<cheering>

218

CUT TO:

INT. GRANDPA'S SHOP/EXT. SCHOOL - INTERCUT

Grandpa fumes into the phone.

219 GRANDPA
Do you know what you've done?
Maximus has a strong psychic
connection with that helmet. You
awakened him, alerting him to its
location.

219

ON JAKE -- dodging projectiles as he talks.

220 JAKE
Ohhh-kay, now it's makin' sense. I
tried out the helmet at your shop,
so he came there first. He musta
trashed the place looking for it.

220

Jake holds the phone away from his ear, preemptively. Sure
enough:

221 GRANDPA (V.O.)
WHAT?!

221

Jake continues:

222 JAKE
When I used it here at school,
Maxie showed up to snatch it.

222

BACK TO SHOP

Fu's got the phone.

223 FU DOG
Look, kid, me and Gramps'll never
get there in time. If you wanna
make it past third period, you
gotta join forces with that
sorcerer and double-team the big
fella.

223

Grandpa tugs the phone back.

224 GRANDPA 224
And whatever you do...

BACK TO JAKE

Maximinus seizes Jake. The helmet slips from Jake's grasp...and the ogre catches it.

225 GRANDPA (V.O.) (CONT'D) 225
...don't let Maximinus get that helmet.

Maximinus dons the helmet. Shuts his eyes. We can actually HEAR HIS CONSCIOUSNESS EXPANDING, a rush of <INDISTINCT VOICES>. He looks around, anxious as a child with a toy.

He sees Jake.

226 JAKE (INTERNAL V.O.) 226
Can he hear me?

Maximinus smiles wide.

227 JAKE (INTERNAL V.O.) (CONT'D) 227
Aw, man, he can hear me. I gotta knock that helmet off.

Jake casts his eyes around. Spots a tree branch.

228 JAKE (INTERNAL V.O.) (CONT'D) 228
Maybe this--

Maximinus STOMPS the branch in two before Jake can reach it.

The ogre smiles. He hears another voice:

229 NIGEL (INTERNAL V.O.) 229
If I could just remember that shrinking spell...

Maximinus twists around, finding Nigel with hands outstretched.

Maximinus closes one fist around Nigel, the other around Jake. He rips a strand of yellow caution tape ("NO CAMPAIGNING BEYOND THIS POINT") and lashes it around them.

He carries the mummified pair under one arm as he scales the cafeteria wall.

230 JAKE 230
Why's he still fighting? He's got his helmet.

231 NIGEL 231
 He's a gladiator, Long. They're
 sticklers on the whole "fight to
 the death" thing.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Spud straddles a stool on-stage, picking a guitar. The crowd
 sways to the <MUSIC> of his new fight song.

232 SPUD 232
 (singing into mic)
 We know you're gonna beat us
 We think that's pretty clear
 But please don't run the score up
 Our families are here

Spud motions to the audience.

233 SPUD (CONT'D) 233
 Everybody!

EXT. SCHOOL - ROOFTOP - DAY

Jake and Nigel are bound back-to-back on the rooftop.
 Maximinus looms over them, sharpening two swords.

234 NIGEL 234
 (whispers to Jake)
 Let's think, Long. How can we--?

235 JAKE 235
 Why whisper? Trust me, Ugly's
 pickin' up every single thought.

Suddenly, an idea rushes to Jake's head.

236 JAKE (CONT'D) 236
 Wait. That's it.

SNAP ZOOM ON -- Jake's face.

237 JAKE (INTERNAL V.O.) (CONT'D) 237
 The fire alarm.

Maximinus stops sharpening. He follows Jake's eyes to a
 nearby wall--

And on it, a PULL-DOWN FIRE ALARM.

Jake cranes his head toward Nigel.

238 JAKE (CONT'D) 238
Nigel...the alarm. Can you move
it?

Nigel finds it.

239 NIGEL 239
I-I think so.

Maximinus leans in close, highly amused. He speaks to them
in <RASPY, BROKEN ENGLISH>:

240 MAXIMINUS 240
Go ahead. Alert school.

241 NIGEL 241
(concentrating)
Bell, book and candle...pull down
the handle.

242 MAXIMINUS 242
Students won't save you.

243 NIGEL 243
Bell, book and candle...pull down
the handle!

CLOSE ON THE ALARM -- The handle thrusts down with a--

CLINK! Followed by a piercing, campus-wide--

WHOO! WHOOP! WHOOP!

Jake grins up at Maximinus.

244 JAKE 244
Get ready for a sonic boom of teen
angst!

TILT DOWN THE BUILDING -- The cafeteria doors swing open. A
SEA OF STUDENTS flows into the courtyard.

BACK TO THE ROOF -- Maximinus is slammed with the INNER
MONOLOGUES OF THREE HUNDRED SCREECHY TEENAGERS:

245 STUDENTS (INTERNAL V.O.) 245
...fire drills are lame/...am I
wearing too much body
spray?/...mini-pretzels, 40 grams
of carbs/...random shuffle's so
predictable.

Maximinus clutches his head, cross-eyed.

246 MAXIMINUS 246
Uuhh! So many voices! So...whiny!

He rips off the helmet. It <CLANGS> to the ground. The ogre bounds off the roof, lands with a--

THUD (on the student-less side)...and runs away.

247 MAXIMINUS (CONT'D) 247
 <shrieking>

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

STUDENTS fill up the dining hall.

248 STUDENTS 248
<excited chatter>

Jake and Nigel are seated on-stage. Jake nudges Nigel.

249 JAKE 249
Yo, I just wanna say...I think I
got a bit carried away with our
competition.
(beat)
If you win...I'll support you.

250 NIGEL 250
Likewise, mate.

They exchange a smile. Suddenly, Nigel's expression sours.

251 NIGEL (CONT'D) 251
Hang on. You're not bucking for a
job as my vice president, are you,
Long? Now, that's just sad--

252 JAKE 252
What?! In your dreams. I'm in it
to win it.

253 NIGEL 253
Fine.

254 JAKE 254
Fine!

At the microphone, a STUDENT hands ROTWOOD an index card.

255 ROTWOOD 255
 (into microphone)
 Aha. The election results have
 been tallied, and...
 (startled)
 Der Bingle! For the first time in
 Fillmore history, it appears we
 have...a tie.

Nigel and Jake trade surprised looks.

256 ROTWOOD (CONT'D) 256
 Beginning this month, your class co-
 presidents will be...

Nigel straightens his cuffs. Jake wets his eyebrows.

257 ROTWOOD (CONT'D) 257
 ...Trixie Carter and Arthur
 Spudinski, two write-in candidates!

ON TRIxie AND SPUD -- shocked.

258 TRIxie/SPUD 258
 Say what?/Whoa!

ON NIGEL AND JAKE -- stunned.

The student body <APPLAUDS> as Trixie and Spud take the
 stage.

259 GRANDPA (V.O.) 259
 Trixie and Spud? But how...?

EXT. GRANDPA'S SHOP - LATER

Jake braces a stepladder while Grandpa hangs his old sign
 outside the shop: "TV."

260 JAKE 260
 (shrugs)
 I guess they won because they had
 real ideas. All Nigel and I ever
 did was tear each other down.

261 GRANDPA 261
 Ah, yes. I too have learned that
 grudges are a waste of time.

He hops to the pavement. They take a seat on the curb.

262 GRANDPA (CONT'D) 262
<sigh> That's right, young dragon.
I've decided to end my childish
feud with Boomgarden's Electronics.

CUT TO WIDE -- Behind them, we see the MASSIVE BILLBOARD of
Chick Boomgarden.

"Someone" has blacked out his teeth, added Van Dyke goatees
and wavy stink lines.

263 GRANDPA (CONT'D) 263
Starting tomorrow.

We PULL OUT SLOWLY as grandfather and grandson sit in the
fading sun.

END SHOW